

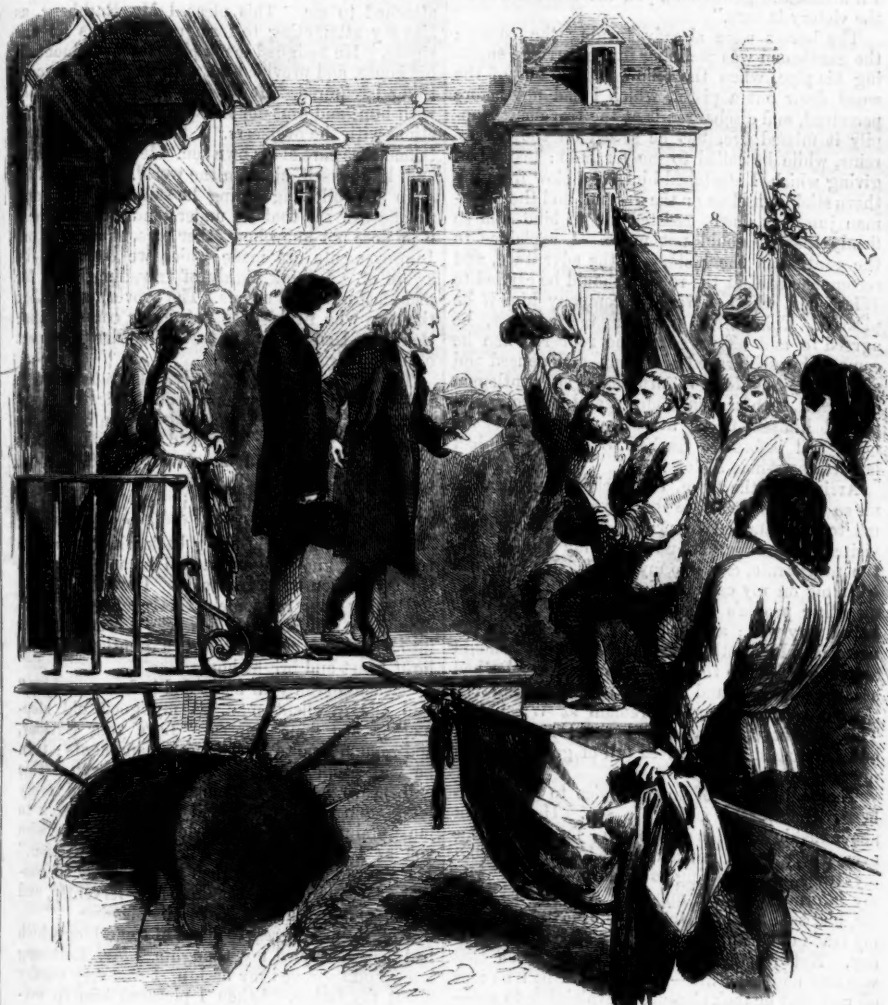
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THE INAUGURATION OF THE NEW PROPRIETOR, AND THE JUBILEE OF THE OLD MANAGER.

THE KNIFE-GRINDER'S SON.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

CHAPTER VII.

ONE day, as I was sauntering along the road, I was accosted by an ill-looking man, who, not dis-

couraged by my evident wish to have nothing to say to him, began talking in such a way as to remind me of the felon in the prison. After some conversation of a plausible character, in which he seemed to be cautiously sounding me, he at length

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proceeded so far in his confidence, as to hint at robbing a rich Netherlander who would soon pass on his way to Wiesbaden. I now began to listen, as the thought occurred to me that God might have brought me here in order to prevent the commission of a crime. While he explained to me the plan of the attack, and seemed delighted at my apparent concurrence, "Hush!" cried he, suddenly, "he is coming—I hear the rumbling of the carriage. All is safe hereabouts. You go to the left into the wood, I will go to the right, and as soon as he is between us, be quick and at him. I'll attack the gentleman, you the coachman, and the victory is ours."

The horses were already turning the corner; the gentleman was reclining in the carriage smoking his pipe, when the fellow rushed out of the wood, drew out a pistol, which I had not before perceived, and discharged it at the traveller. Happily it missed fire, but he seized on the horses' reins, while he called to me for help: instead of giving which, I stretched him, by a blow from my thorn stick, senseless on the ground, and the coachman jumping down, assisted me to bind him so firmly that he could not move. I explained to the gentleman the history of the adventure, and recommended that the robber should be carried to Wiesbaden, where I would accompany him if he pleased. This, after praising my conduct, he agreed to, and off we set. The robber, when he came to himself, raved and wept, and abused and struggled, but to no purpose. The gentleman conversed with me on many useful subjects, and proved himself to be a worthy and intelligent man; and before we reached Wiesbaden he had learned my whole history.

Arrived at the town, the wicked man accused me so vehemently before the mayor, that he caused me to be detained in prison; but I was daily visited by the Netherlander, till my kind friend, the magistrate, came to my relief. He consoled with me on my calamity in getting into trouble for other people's crimes, but told me I had behaved very well; and he left me in the care of my new friend Mr. Rothberg, who settled that I should accompany him to the Netherlands, where he had a large foundry, and stay with him during the three weeks he meant to remain at Wiesbaden. This was beyond anything I could have hoped, and the magistrate departed full of good hopes on my account.

The baths were of much service to Mr. Rothberg, who treated me like a son. He was not above making me his companion; for he took me everywhere with him, and talked with me about my trade, endeavouring to discover the extent of my information. He appeared well pleased with me, and said he hoped to persuade me to relinquish my trade of smith, and learn to assist in the foundry. Notwithstanding there was so much that was new and beautiful—much that I had no idea of, and that he took pleasure in explaining to me—I was heartily glad when we set off on our journey, for idleness was quite insupportable to me.

The journey along the Rhine was delightful; the beautiful, charming scenery being such a change from towns and cities. At last we reached the place of our destination, where a new world opened to me. Mr. Rothberg showed me all over

the foundry, and was unwearied in explaining and instructing. Finding me willing to stay with him, he said: "Do you see what everything here suggests? 'Strike the iron while it is hot.' This sentence has a deep meaning for you. You are young, and now have an opportunity of learning; but learn you must, and you must begin at the lowest step. If you are willing to do that, all will be well."

I joyfully assented, and was placed under the tuition of an old workman. I endeavoured to understand thoroughly every process, and laboured with the lowest of the artisans, who soon became attached to me. This pleased Mr. Rothberg, as also my attempting to form new designs for the stoves. He assigned me a pleasant apartment in his house, and provided me with books and everything I required. He liked to have me constantly with him, and sent for me when he held consultations with the overseers. A father could not have taken more care of his own son. He was unmarried, and, like myself, alone in the world.

In the following spring he said: "Dear Paul, no one can say that he understands any business if he does not know how other persons carry it on. Improvements are made which we ought to be aware of. I think highly of travelling, both for manufacturers and artists. The proverb says, that the man who never goes out, never comes home; therefore, I advise you to travel in order to inspect other foundries."

The idea pleased me greatly. I wrote about it to the magistrate, to whom I communicated everything that concerned me, and he confirmed the plan. Mr. Rothberg then said: "You must not go as a common workman; I will provide all that is requisite. You shall go first to Holland, then to France, and afterwards, if you have learnt a little English, to England. I hope that you will continue upright, and bring back with you a rich treasure of knowledge. It will be an understood thing that you write regularly. I expect it."

He now gave me some fatherly advice and admonition; and after three weeks I was sent out into the world equipped like a gentleman, with light heart and bright hopes.

"Keep God in your heart and before your eyes," said the excellent man, as my good old step-mother had done before. "Love your Saviour, and remain true to his holy commandments; then he will guide, support, and protect you. This will prove a shield against all evil and every temptation which may assail you. Come back to me untainted with the world, and I will receive you as I part from you, with sincere affection." He embraced me, and then turned away to conceal his emotion. I thanked him fervently, and with tears, and departed with his blessing.

I must here digress to speak of something which had long occupied my thoughts. Mr. Rothberg knew and approved my design. I was very uneasy about my father. When I pictured him to myself, in perhaps the depths of misery, and remembered the horrible words, "I cannot pray," my heart was torn asunder. I went first to Westphalia, in order to seek him out and lighten the troubles of his old age. I felt a hope that I might be enabled to lead him into a better way, and my heart leaped for joy at the possibility.

Ah! I had forgotten the number of years which had passed since we parted.

My road lay through Unna. It was there that I had lost my father and found a mother. There she was buried. When I arrived, and saw the gate at which the horrible accident happened, I was much agitated. I alighted from my carriage, and walked into the town, in order to place myself as much as possible in the circumstances of that time. I traced the streets and alleys through which my old mother had led me on that evening. I came to the street where we lived: everything was changed. A substantial new building had replaced Gerstenmeier's house, and all the faces were strange. The people about scarcely remembered the old names. Ruppel's family was scattered in the world. With a bleeding heart I walked to the burial-ground. The hillock over my step-mother's grave was sunk in, but I poured out on the spot a fervent thanksgiving to God for all his mercies.

I made inquiries at the mayor's office for my father, but in vain. The clerk kindly examined the records; but as the trial had taken place elsewhere, it was productive of no result. I followed his traces as far as I could, but only discovered that he had died some years before in the House of Correction.

With a sorrowful heart I again set off on my journey. I travelled through Holland and Belgium, and made myself so far acquainted with the French language that I could derive advantage from a tour in France. But just as I reached Paris I received a letter from Mr. Rothberg, informing me that important business made him wish for my return. There was a foundry to be sold somewhere near the Rhine; and, as he was suffering from illness, and wished to pass the remainder of his life in a milder air, he proposed to purchase it. But for this he needed my assistance, being himself confined to his bed.

I hastened back; and became more and more anxious as to how I should find him, the nearer I approached his residence. At length I arrived, and found that the gout had left him: but he was still in bed, though in very good spirits.

"Thank God you are come back," he exclaimed, as he extended his arms to me. It was just such a meeting as that between a father and a son who has been long absent in a foreign land. He kept me the whole day by his bedside, to relate what I had seen. He seemed as if he would never weary of listening to me, and asking questions. At last he said: "It is now time to think of business." He explained the whole matter to me, gave me the necessary instructions and authority, and sent me away.

The situation of the foundry I went to examine was exceedingly beautiful. On entering a well-built and elegant residence attached to the foundry I was received by the manager, an old gentleman, whose appearance surprised me exceedingly. If I was not greatly mistaken, it was the individual whose arm was broken when the accident happened to the carriage in the wood, who was then so kind to me, and the father of the young lady whom I had never forgotten! He was very friendly, and led me into the dining-

room, where a still greater surprise awaited me. My first glance fell upon the wall. There hung the daughter's picture just as it was imprinted upon my memory, and next to it that of the thrice-honoured magistrate, and another of his wife! The impression which these pictures made upon me did not escape the observation of my host. He looked inquiringly at me.

"You must not wonder that I am so much surprised by seeing these pictures," I said: "two of them recall to my recollection some very dear friends, the excellent magistrate of ——— and his kind lady."

The gentleman smiled, and said: "Ah, this affords me much pleasure. You are now doubly welcome. These friends you speak of are my children."

This solved the enigma that had so often puzzled me, namely, the likeness of the magistrate's wife to the object of my long-cherished attachment. She was her sister. Her name was Augusta, and I had often heard her spoken of with great affection; but as I did not know that this Augusta was the same person that, waking or dreaming, so often stood before my mental vision, I thought little about it. Was she here? This question made my heart beat.

The old gentleman wished to know how I had become acquainted with the magistrate; but I avoided the question, preferring another opportunity, and asked to see the foundry. He remarked, with a sigh: "The death of my principal has changed everything here, my position as well as other things. I must now leave the spot where I have laboured during half a century. But why not?" he added. "In a fortnight the fifty years of my residence here will be completed."

"May God long preserve you to your children," I said. "But there will be no necessity for you to leave this place if Mr. Rothberg should buy the works. He will be glad to avail himself of your experience."

He smiled doubtfully, and we went on. The foundry was in excellent order and condition. The water-power could nowhere be surpassed. The plans showed the pits to be quite near to the works, and the ore was rich in metal. It was evident at the first glance that the price asked by the heirs of the late owner was a very moderate one. It was necessary for me to remain there till the next day in order that I might inspect all the pits of the iron district. The manager gave me all the explanation that was requisite, and impressed me with a high opinion of the accuracy of his knowledge both of things and processes.

Towards dinner time we returned to the house. I began to wonder if I should meet *her*, and resolved, if I did, to appear as much like a stranger as possible. Having made this fine resolution I entered the dining-room, and she herself stood before me, and seemed as pleasantly surprised as I did. Her father looked at us both, as I stepped forward and extended my hand to her, saying: "I have preserved the handkerchief as an imperishable relic of your kindness to a friendless youth."

I stroked the hair from my forehead, and said to her father: "Do you remember the beggar boy whom you once took into your carriage, and

who, at the same time that you met with the accident to your arm, received a wound on his forehead?"

He looked at me with astonishment, and at Augusta in great perplexity. "Is it possible," he said at last, "that you were that boy?"

"I was indeed; and what is more, I am that poor Paul Werner to whom your daughter and son-in-law have acted like a father and mother."

They were now still more astonished, having heard so much of this same Paul that they felt as if they knew him.

"You must have a great deal to tell us, Mr. Werner, for between that time and this much must have happened with which we are unacquainted."

I did not visit the pits after dinner, for I was called upon to tell my tale, and did it gladly. Augusta now heard that I had recognised her in Frankfort, and she confessed, with a pleasing smile, that she knew me again.

"How wonderful are God's ways!" said my venerable host, when I had ended my narration. "And how true is the holy word, 'Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.' The way by which you have been led plainly shows this."

Tears stood more than once in Augusta's eyes. I remained there three days longer; then left them, but took with me the hope that Augusta was not indifferent to me. All that I had wished her to be was realized. She was an intelligent, affectionate, and pious maiden.

On my return to Mr. Rothberg, after I had given him an account of everything he had commissioned me to inquire into, he said: "Paul, you are become quite a different person. Tell me what has happened to you." I was then obliged to confess. "Aha!" he exclaimed; "I see that the new manager is thinking of setting up housekeeping. If it is as you say, I have nothing to object, and the worthy old man need not change his abode." I can scarcely describe how rejoiced I was at these words.

I had also informed Mr. Rothberg that in a fortnight the old manager would have completed the fiftieth year of his residence there. "I think," said he, "that the purchase will be completed within that time. In the meanwhile you may go there, and arrange, in my stead, that Mr. Biedermann's jubilee is worthily observed."

He now hastened forward the purchase, and the necessary deeds were soon executed. "Now set off as my fully accredited manager," said Mr. Rothberg, laughing, "and look out for a suitable mistress for your house. I will provide the means of maintaining it."

Deeply affected by his extreme kindness, I fell upon his neck. I could find no words to express my gratitude, but my tears spoke a language which he well understood.

As soon as my credentials were ready I hastened away, and reached the foundry two days before the anniversary. The old man received me with a pleasure which he did not attempt to conceal. Augusta also welcomed me with a sparkling eye. The form of taking possession was soon gone through. I then went to the work-people. I spoke kindly to them, and recommended, as an

earnest of our mutual goodwill, that the anniversary of their late superintendent should be celebrated with all honour. Everything was now settled. I had much to direct and arrange. Augusta also was busy, preparing for the expected arrival of the magistrate and his wife.

The eve of the jubilee arrived. The whole body of the work-people assembled in the vicinity of the house. During the night they erected a triumphal arch of green boughs. I gave them money for music, that they might have a holiday and rejoicing too. Good cheer was also provided in abundance.

At daybreak, all the pitmen and others employed approached the house in festive march, and with musical accompaniments sounded forth the noble hymn:—

"To God on high be glory given,
And thanks to him alone," etc.

This hymn, which was wonderfully exciting, awoke me. It was followed by the discharge of cannon, which lasted till it was broad daylight. I jumped up, dressed myself, and hastened to join the body of work-people. They were gratified, stimulated, and excited by my commendation of their music. At six o'clock we were certified, by a spy whom we had despatched, that every one in the house was in motion. I then accompanied the workmen to the front of the mansion, where they sang in chorus:—

"Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lord for ever," etc.

I then went into the house, accompanied by the overseers and the oldest founders, to offer our congratulations.

I had been so wearied by my exertions the day before, that I had gone early to bed, and had therefore not perceived the stir occasioned by the arrival of two travelling carriages. When I opened the door, who can describe my surprise? There stood the magistrate, his lady, and Mr. Rothberg. All three rose and embraced me. What I had intended to say was quite forgotten. Happily the eldest of the overseers extricated me from my difficulty, by expressing the united congratulations in a simple but hearty manner.

I grasped the hand of the excellent Rothberg, and presented him to the people as their new master. All turned towards me, but I could scarcely speak. As soon as I had said, "My good fellows, this is your master, the owner of these works, Mr. Rothberg," he interrupted me: "Not so, good people, not so. He has misinformed you. Listen to me. This young man, whom you have looked upon as your manager, is my son. Here is the deed whereby I adopt him; his name is now Rothberg, like mine." Then, turning to me, and seeing my pale looks, he said cheerfully: "Well, my dear Paul, do you approve?"

I could not utter a word. I rushed into his arms, and hid my face in his breast. But disengaging himself from me, he said: "I have not yet finished; I have only contradicted the assertion that I am the owner of these works. Mr. Magistrate, will you kindly read this document?"

The magistrate read with much emotion a deed of gift of the foundry to me, Mr. Rothberg's adopted son, Paul Rothberg.

"Now for a cheer for the new master of the foundry," said Mr. Rothberg; and a prolonged shout resounded through the air. Then all thronged round me with congratulations. Every one was affected by the scene. I felt stupified. All had happened too unexpectedly, too overpoweringly. Rothberg grasped my arm: "Come, my son, you must collect yourself." Saying this, he led me in-doors into a sitting-room. I laid my head upon his shoulder; all was quiet in the room; nothing was heard but sobs, and they were sobs of joy.

At last Mr. Rothberg, going up to Augusta, said: "We have enjoyed ourselves very much to-day, all except you, dear Augusta. You seem to take no share in the general pleasure."

"My eyes give me much pain," she answered, and raised her handkerchief to her face. "Oh," said he, quite beside himself for joy, "you must forgive something to Paul's father. Do you know that once a kind girl bound a handkerchief round Paul's forehead when he was friendless, and knew but little of kindness, and that he has kept this handkerchief as a precious relic? I think he prizes it more than the foundry. Then he again saw her at Frankfort, quite a young woman, and from that time her image has never been absent from his mind. Now it is just a fortnight since he came back to me full of glee, and confessed that he had again seen the dear girl; who, if I do not greatly mistake, is yourself. He is well able also to provide for a wife, and is an excellent young man, as the magistrate and his amiable partner can assure you, and he loves you with his whole heart. Therefore, to cut my story short, I propose that you shall become his wife. Will you not make him happy? I think I have observed that you do not regard him quite with indifference."

The poor girl nearly fainted. She was as pale as death, and leaned upon her sister's arm.

"See, now," said Rothberg, affecting to be alarmed, "what mischief I have done! This comes of meddling in things which one does not understand. Come, dear friends, we will go out of the way." He seized Mr. Biedermann and the magistrate by the hand, and drew them out of the room.

I do not know how I found courage, but I went up to Augusta and told her how devotedly I loved her. Her sister said: "And I know that she loves you." She joined our hands together, and said: "May God bless you both." She then also left us. I asked Augusta, tenderly, whether she would be my dear wife? She gently answered, "Yes."

This was indeed a day of happiness and rejoicing for every one. Rothberg was in ecstasy. "Now I will remain here," said he to Augusta's father; "and we two old men will rejoice in the happiness of our children, until the Lord comes and calls us away to higher bliss."

At the magistrate's earnest request the wedding took place at his house. He invited, on this joyful occasion, the farmer and his wife and their daughter, who was happily married in Friedberg; also my old master, who had been for several years a widower. Our marriage was celebrated in the presence of all these dear friends, and the next day we visited the family at the farm. There

I led my dear Augusta to the apple-tree near the gate, and said: "See, dear Augusta, this is the place where, with a broken heart, I once buried my Hownow."

Mr. Rothberg ceased speaking, and with deep emotion pressed the hand of his dear wife, who was one of the party present. The pastor, to whom the narrative had been given, then said: "How wonderful are God's ways! He has indeed guided you with a faithful hand. Let us join in singing the words of the psalm which was sung by your father-in-law's workmen:—

"The Lord hath all things wisely plann'd;

The Lord hath all things nobly done;

Give to our God eternal praise."

All raised their hands and heartily added, "Amen." Truly, "godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come."

A SHORT CHAPTER ON COOKERY.

I SAY a short chapter, because I am going to take only a cursory glance at a subject which, were full justice to be done to it, would require a very long chapter indeed. The art of cookery is precisely the oldest art with which man has made himself familiar, and I know of no records, however ancient, that treat of the food of man, but what treat also, though it may be incidentally, of the mode of preparing it for the table. Gastronomy, by which the reader may understand me to mean the agreeable ceremony of devouring things which are nice and nourishing, has in all ages of the world formed an interesting subject of speculation and experiment, and there is literally no end of the marvellous tales that might be told of what has been done in the eating way. Time was, when Rome was declining to her fall through the extremes of luxury and effeminacy on the one hand, and hard grinding misery and necessity on the other, when as much as seventy-five thousand pounds sterling of our present coin has been squandered by a single profligate upon a single supper; and though modern times can furnish no parallel to anything so monstrous as this, yet have the arts and contrivances which subserve the delectation of the palate ever been, and no doubt ever will be, among the very foremost in which man will exercise his skill and reap the rewards and encouragement of his fellows when successful.

I can here, however, do no more than thus hint at the subject in this comprehensive way. What I desire at present is to say a few words to the masses of my fellow countrymen upon the subject of cookery in its most common-place aspect, as a business, the performance of which, in some way or other, is indispensable every day, and seriously to put to them the question, whether it is got through in a really creditable manner? I am inclined to think that, in a great majority of instances, a candid reply to this question would be in the negative. I will go yet further, and venture to intimate my private belief that, owing to the want of even decent attention to the simple mysteries of the kitchen, not only does the general

health suffer until the doors of our physicians are besieged by whole armies of dyspeptics, but, what is worse, our domestic comfort and happiness suffer too; and the domestic hearth, the sacred shrine of home joys, is eclipsed in one of its main attractions by the eating-house or the tavern. If this is not true, how is it that my friend Pillinger says to me: "I'll tell you what it is—though you mustn't tell the old dame: I can dine better at Tomata's any day in the week for eighteenpence than I can at home for twice the money;" and I say to Pillinger, for I can't help saying it, "You are right, Pillinger; I can do the same." Now the reason of this must be, that Tomata knows what he is about when he cooks a dinner, and Mrs. Pillinger, and somebody else whom I shan't name, do not.

No, they do not, and that's a fact—else why is it that when I get a steak or chop at home I can't help thinking of gutta percha? 'Tisn't so at Tomata's or at —'s larder; there the chops and steaks are tender and succulent, and not hard-hearted and revengeful, and in league with the doctor. Then again, just look how we get on at home with a joint. Suppose it roasted or boiled; being hot and savoury—I won't say anything about tender and juicy—we take that as it comes—but being hot and savoury, we get on the first day tolerably well; but the next it comes up cold, gashed and stiff, just as Betty left off mangling it, and with hot potatoes. "Isn't that a pretty dish to set before a 'scribbler with a capricious appetite?" To be sure there are pickles; but though I don't hate pickles—far from it—yet pickles somehow have a deadly hatred to me, and I am obliged to let them alone. Then, my better half, though she carves it beautifully, declines to eat cold meat, and fights off with a poached egg or two or an omelette; and so the dish goes downstairs pretty much as it came up. The next day perhaps it is hashed. Why meat cut into small pieces, and stewed up with savoury herbs, should be by that process transformed into so many pop-gun pellets or miniature gun-wads is a problem which I could never resolve; but so it is nine times out of ten, and the secret of the exceptions has escaped all investigation hitherto. Now I want to know if this is right, and as it should be.

I could discourse on the matter of puddings and pies if I chose; but that is a delicate subject, and one that my better half has a hand in—so that I don't choose to meddle. She understands that I am not partial to pastry; which is true enough—when it is home-made.

But there is one thing I want particularly to inquire about. Does *anybody* know how to cook a potato? I mean so that it shall be a potato after it is cooked; not squashed into potato soup; not broken to shreds outside, and hard as a raw apple within; not boiled or steamed from a potato into a nondescript lump; but a potato, with a potato flavour, a potato's substance, pleasant to look upon, and appetising to eat. I have heard that, some years ago, when a cook was wanted for one of the great West End clubs, a number of candidates were selected and appointed to a trial of skill—said trial consisting of the cooking of a potato. What I say is, I should like to know the man that succeeded, and hear what he has to say

on the subject. I ate a potato once which was properly cooked; it was sixteen years ago. I have never forgotten it, and never shall forget it; but I hardly expect to eat another.

Some of my readers may think, probably, that I am over-nice and hard to please; and perhaps I ought to confess that, though an Englishman born and bred, I have had other than English experience in eating and drinking. I may say that I did not learn to eat in England, but in France—a country where the stomach is not regarded in the light of a patent machine for the comminution of all sorts of infrangible substances, but as an honourable member of the body corporate, and as such entitled to gentlemanly consideration. A ridiculous notion prevails, both in England and France, in regard to the respective appetites of John Bull and the Gaul. We English have the reputation of devouring a prodigious quantity of animal food, roast beef especially. The reverse of this is true. Look at the facts, which anybody may test by observation any day in the week. Take the same class of people in London and Paris—say artisans, clerks, and handicraftsmen in good employ. The Londoner, at one or two o'clock walks into the eating-house, calls for a plate of meat and potatoes or other vegetables, a slice of bread, a glass of ale, and finishes off with a small modicum of pudding or pie—for all of which he disburses, if my own experience is any guide, about sixteenpence. The Parisian at the same hour resorts to the restaurateur's. As soon as he enters, a carte is put into his hands, containing a list of some thirty or forty different kinds of soup; he chooses one, vermicelli perhaps, and it is brought—exquisite to the taste and provocative to the appetite; that disposed of, he consults the carte again, and from a list of above a hundred different dishes of animal food selects one, and having discussed a plate of that, selects another, and that also being finished, consults the carte again; and he may either call for another plate of meat or fish, an entremet, or vegetables stewed with the juices of meat, pastry or cheese; with all this he has bread at discretion, which means on an average a lump as big as a child's head, and a good half bottle of pleasant light wine; and he has to disburse less than the Englishman, for he pays but twenty-five sous, exactly an English shilling. This may be looked upon as the usual dinner of a Paris artisan in regular employ; and formidable as it may appear on paper, I have a hundred times seen girls of fourteen and fifteen get through the whole business as a matter of course.

So I say, the French, on the whole, eat much more than we do; and to a person acquainted with their excellence in the art of cookery, the reason is sufficiently obvious. Their meals are, in fact, a greater pleasure to them than the meals of a working Englishman can possibly be to him, so long as the science of cookery remains, with those who have the management of his household, a neglected science.

Comparing the eating habits of the lower and lowest classes of both countries, the difference between them is still greater and more striking. Nothing is more notorious to those who have investigated the subject in our own country, than

the obvious fact that the labouring and poverty-stricken hordes, whom every temporary suspension of industry plunges into the depths of distress, literally waste and destroy a full half of the animal food they labour so hard to obtain, through sheer ignorance of the best and most profitable modes of dealing with it. Viewing this fact in connection with the comparative cheapness of fuel with us, in relation that is to its high price in Paris, it is really a crying shame and a national disgrace, as well as a national misfortune. The economy we practise in public institutions, and by which, in seasons of severity, thousands are fed at a minimum cost, is a virtue altogether unknown in the homes of the great majority of the poor. The poor Frenchman has his *pot-au-feu*, rarely boiling, but continually simmering on his small spark of fire; and into it, with a learned judgment traditionally derived from his forefathers, he casts whatever his little funds will purchase, or his petty patch of ground supply, and stews and stews, and from time to time ladles forth a delicious bowl of pottage, at the taste of which the most accomplished gastronome that ever entered the doors of the Mansion House would smack his lips with rapture. The poor Englishman has nothing of the kind, and if he were to attempt to establish a thing of the sort, would probably produce a mess fit only for the wash-trough of his pigs.

I have had this matter long upon my mind, and have dropped a hint here and there upon it as occasion served; but the other day I happened to fall in with M. Soyer's shilling "Cookery for the People,"* and the perusal of that has induced me to speak my mind more fully, and to endeavour, by recommending that work to all whom it may concern (and to my notion it concerns all except the aristocracy and the upper classes), to do what in me lies towards effecting a general reformation. I am not going to quote M. Soyer's receipts, because the book is so cheap that anybody who has a joint to cook may save the price of it almost by a single experiment. But I shall quote M. Soyer, who has been on a tour of investigation throughout the country, in order to see what were the necessities of the people before he undertook to prescribe for them, just to show what is the state of things at present, and how desirable is the reform he seeks to effect. Here is a domestic scene which has all the verisimilitude of life.

"The husband arrives home, and asks his wife what he can have for dinner, the hour of her dinner and that of the children having long passed. 'What would you like to have, my dear?' was her question. 'Anything you have.' 'Let's see! why—we have nothing, but I can get you a mutton chop or steak.' 'Can I have nothing else? I am tired of chops and steaks.' 'Why, my dear, what can be better than a chop or a steak?' 'Well, let me have a steak.' 'You had that yesterday, my dear; now, let me get you a chop. I always make it my duty to study your comfort; and as I have been reading not long since a medical work on diseases of the skin, written by Dr. Erasmus Wilson, in which he says nothing is so wholesome as a change of food, since that time I have made a point of varying our bill of fare, as they call it in that useful work.' 'Very well, send for two chops.' In about twenty minutes the servant returns, saying she could get no chops, but has got a nice piece of steak. Very well. That will do as well, will it not, my dear?"

(to her husband, who is reading a periodical). 'Yes; but how long will you keep me here before it is done?' 'Not a minute, my love. Now Jane, do that well on the grid-iron.' Jane descends, but quickly returns, saying, 'Please ma'am, the fire is not fit for broiling.' 'Well, fry it,' is her answer. The husband, who hears it, exclaims, 'That frying-pan, it is always so greasy.' 'Then, my dear, how would you like to have it?' 'Not at all,' was his reply, throwing down the paper, and exclaiming, 'There is no getting any victuals properly cooked here. I must go to the cook-shop and have it.' He seizes his hat, and slamming the door, makes his exit in a passion."

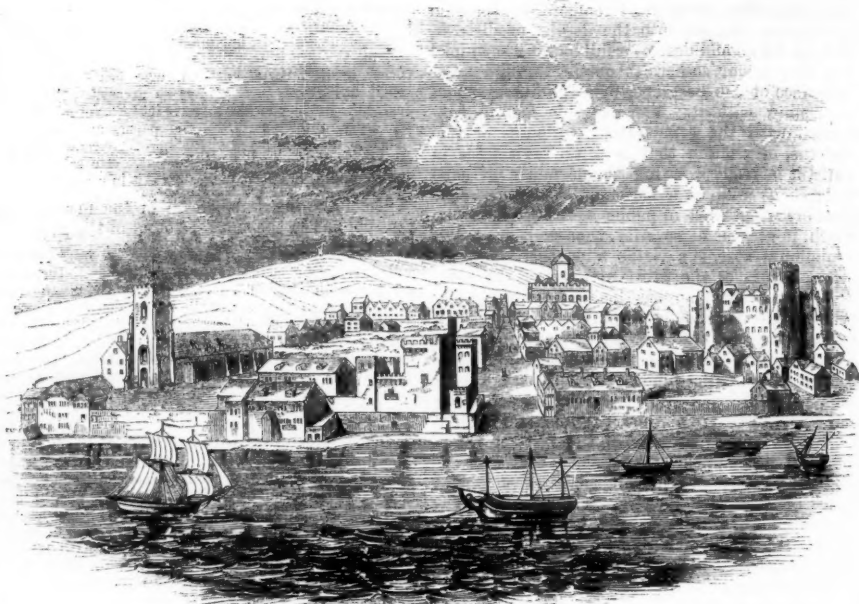
The following is a sketch of the management that obtains in the squalid homes of the poor.

"Ox cheeks may be bought at present, cut from the bone, and very fresh, at about twopence halfpenny to threepence per pound, in London. . . . Frequently, on my visits to the abodes of the poor, while in London last winter, I have seen this article of food completely spoiled. On one occasion I asked an old lady how she cooked it. 'By fire,' said she. 'But, my dear woman, I inquired, 'how long do you cook it?' 'Ah! she replied, 'sometimes as long as an hour, and boiling all the time till the water won't stand it any longer.' 'And pray,' I asked, 'what do you do with the water?' 'There is no water left, but only black muck at the bottom of the pot, which I throw away,' was her reply. . . . When I found she was so ignorant, I asked her if I should come and teach her how to cook properly an ox cheek. 'No,' said she, 'I have no money to buy another.' I offered to bring one with me as a present the following day, and gave her sixpence to buy some sand to clean her pot with, which I found done on my arrival. . . . I then produced the ox cheek, and put it into the pot with four quarts of cold water, and four teaspoonfuls of salt, and some leaves of celery. . . . Her fire was made up, and the pot was placed on it, until boiling, and then removed to the side of it and skimmed. There I left it, and went round to pay my other visits. At the end of three hours I returned, and she having a large basin in the room, I put some crusts of bread in it, and the meat I placed in a dish, and sat down with the old dame, serving the soup out into cups with a beer-jug, having nothing better, and to her great surprise cut the cheek easily with a very bad knife, it being so tender. After tasting it, and finding it very good, she said she would show her neighbours how to do it."

That these extracts represent the truth there can be no doubt. That it is a truth peculiar to England, and perhaps still more so to Ireland, is a cause for profound regret, seeing that our domestic happiness and general health and prosperity suffer so largely from the prevalence of practical ignorance on a subject which ought to be considered one of the first importance. What I would say in conclusion is: Let us not be too proud to learn from those who know better. Let our wives and housekeepers study anew the purposes and capabilities of the implements of the kitchen, and take the opportunity which this little volume affords them of introducing a larger variety upon the table—of decreasing waste and economising expenditure. Let the book circulate most, where it is most wanted, among households with large families and limited means, and especially among the labouring classes, whose homes will be rendered all the more attractive by the carrying out of its precepts—and then the ale-house and the gin-shops will suffer a diminution of their votaries.

TEMPERANCE, open air, easy labour, simple diet, and pure water, are good for a man all the days of his life.—Sound sleep cometh of moderate eating.—Unquiet meals make ill digestions.—He that would have a clear head must have a clear stomach.

* London: Routledge & Co



VIEW OF OLD LIVERPOOL.

LIVERPOOL UNDER THREE QUEENS.

STRIKING and complete indeed would be the change if the banks and bosom of the Mersey were suddenly to resume the aspect they wore in the days when Elizabeth was queen. There were then no fleets of merchantmen upon the waters; no stately town upon the shore, with a frontage of magnificent docks, quays, warehouses, and seawalls; no lighthouses upon the coast, or light vessels on the shoals, though a solitary beacon might perhaps be seen for a few hours after dark, kindled to guide the clumsy bark of a straggling fisherman or Irish trader into port. Though now the seat of almost unexampled commerce, wealth, and public spirit, with ships sailing on every ocean, and a name familiar to the whole maritime world, the importance and prosperity of Liverpool are entirely of modern date. No venerable history belongs to it, abounding with romantic incidents and picturesque glimpses of ancient life, as in the instance of York, Chester, Canterbury, or Bristol. No traditions of the slightest interest respecting its foundation and early state are current, nor is there perhaps to be found in Europe a parallel example of a great emporium whose local annals, at a comparatively recent period, are so perfectly bald and meagre. The true etymology of the name is unknown, except the latter part, which obviously refers to the command of a haven. Alfred and his successors reigned, the Danes intruded, the conqueror came, and Domesday was compiled, while the tide flowed and ebbed in the Mersey, without a place of note existing on its margin which history has recognised. The ear-

liest certain notices of Liverpool are but little prior to the time of Magna Charta. Possibly the conquest of Ireland by the first Plantagenet, leading to greater intercourse between the two countries, contributed mainly to collect inhabitants on the site, who then received a charter from the crown, though with very slender pretensions to social power. Years rolled on, and the kingdom entered upon its parliamentary age, when the following return made by the sheriff of Lancashire, and repeated from the 23rd Edward III through the next five reigns, sufficiently proclaims the insignificance of a district now a wonderful theatre of ingenuity and enterprise:—"There are no cities or boroughs within the county of Lancaster from which any citizens or burgesses ought, or have been accustomed, to come to parliament, or are able by reason of their poverty!" Leland, writing in the time of Henry VIII, describes Liverpool as a "paved town," though not so according to modern ideas. But it was still only a chapelry or hamlet of the parish of Walton. "Irish merchants," says he, "come much thither as to a good haven. Good merchandise at Lyrpool, and much Irish yarn, which Manchester men do buy." From some unexplained cause, it entered the descending scale, for in petitioning queen Elizabeth to grant an exemption from certain impositions, the inhabitants use the humble style of "her majesty's poor decayed town of Liverpool." The householders numbered 138 at that period, and were in possession of twelve barks, which were navigated by seventy-five men. But the paltry place had then an object, lacking in the economy of the vast borough of modern times. There was a castle of some centu-

ries' standing, a monument of feudalism, and the memorial of an age when authority was maintained more by military power than the civil law.

An interval of ninety-nine years extends between the days of Elizabeth and Anne, truly a stormy and troubled time. In the former part of this period, the relative insignificance of Liverpool appears from the fact, that when Charles I levied ship-money it was rated at 25*l*., while the impost for Chester was 26*l*. and for Bristol 1000*l*! During the great civil war, in common with the other towns, it assumed a decidedly military aspect, being fortified by a strong mud wall, and a broad deep ditch. The castle also, which stood on the site now occupied by St. George's church, was strengthened, and a communication formed between it and the river by a covered way, in order to receive reinforcements of men and provisions at pleasure. But it twice changed hands, being taken from the parliamentarians by prince Rupert, and recovered by them from the royalists. The town was dismantled about the time of the Restoration, after which the absence of social disturbances favoured commerce and contributed to the advance of the port. Population increased, vessels multiplied, and the hamlet of Walton was constituted the distinct parish of Liverpool. But in the reign of queen Anne the number of the inhabitants very little exceeded 8000, and sailing vessels of all kinds amounted to only 334. The most striking features of the modern borough, its docks, were now commenced. The old dock, the first of the kind constructed in England, was completed in 1710, but filled up in 1831, in order to be occupied by the custom-house, excise and post office, and other public buildings.

The space of a hundred and twenty-three years carries us on from the days of Anne to those of Victoria. During the former part of this period Liverpool, though rising, was still unimportant, and showed no indications of its present activity and extent. In 1730, exactly a century before the opening of the railway to Manchester, the town contained a population of 12,000, had only one carriage, and no stage coach came nearer than Warrington, the traffic inland being chiefly carried on by pack-horses. The first stimulus to great prosperity was given by an extensive contraband trade which its merchants conducted with Spanish America; and when this was terminated by the vigilance of the Spanish government, they engaged largely in the unhappy slave-trade, employing a greater number of vessels in it than any other port. Hardwares, cutlery, and woollen goods, the produce of Lancashire and Yorkshire, were conveyed to the coast of Africa, and being exchanged for negroes, the live cargoes were conducted to the West Indies to be bartered for sugar and rum, with which the ships returned to England, and were again despatched on the infamous errand with similar freights. It was principally to accommodate the shipping engaged in this traffic that the next docks were constructed, three in number, about the middle of the last century. These were, in order of time, the dry dock, left dry by the recession of the tide, now converted into a wet dock, bearing the name of Canning; Salthouse dock, so called from some salt-works contiguous to it; and George's dock, named after

George III, whose reign had just commenced. About this era, 1760, the population was 26,000; the customs receipts were under 250,000*l*. per annum; and the first stage coach began to run to the capital, performing the journey in four days. The first mail coach started on the 25th of July, 1785. Upon the extension of the cotton manufacture, consequent on mechanical inventions and improvements, Liverpool rapidly advanced to immense proportions, and augmented its shipping to a vast fleet, being the port where the great bulk of the raw material is received, chiefly from the United States, and whence the manufactured goods are exported to all parts of the world. The beginnings of this commerce were small, and deserve to be noted as a striking illustration of the little expanding into the great. In 1770 there were imported of cotton wool into Liverpool as follows:—three bales from New York; four bales from Virginia and Maryland; and three barrels full of cotton from North Carolina. In 1784 an American ship, which imported eight bales of cotton into Liverpool, was seized by the custom-house authorities on the ground that so much cotton could not be the produce of the United States. The first bag of cotton wool exported from Charlestown to Liverpool arrived the 20th of January, 1785. The total quantity brought from the same quarter to the same port, in the reign of Victoria, is to be reckoned in weight by hundreds of millions of pounds.

It would be foreign to our purpose to give a detailed description of Liverpool at present, but a few general particulars may be added to the following tabular statement of its progress.

| | ELIZABETH 1570. | ANNE 1710. | VICTORIA 1851. |
|-----------------------------|---|--|--|
| Population . . . | 800 | 8,168 | 375,955 |
| Tonnage . . . | 268 | 12,636 | 3,536,337 |
| Number of vessels . . . | 15 | 334 | 23,000 |
| Dock dues . . . | — | 000 <i>l</i> . | 11,743 <i>l</i> . |
| Town dues . . . | 20 <i>l</i> . | 373 <i>l</i> . 13 <i>s</i> . 11 <i>d</i> . | 91,000 <i>l</i> . |
| Amount of customs . . . | 272 <i>l</i> . 3 <i>s</i> . | 70,000 <i>l</i> . | 3,336,284 <i>l</i> . |
| Income of corporation . . . | 20 <i>l</i> . 4 <i>s</i> . 8 <i>d</i> . | 1,115 <i>l</i> . 1 <i>s</i> . 0 <i>d</i> . | 139,132 <i>l</i> . 7 <i>s</i> . 4 <i>d</i> . |

The 375,955 inhabitants, at the last census, were located on an area of 5300 statute acres, the dimensions of the borough. They occupied 54,310 houses, which gives an average of about seven persons to one house. Though the number of vessels belonging to the port is considerably less than that belonging to the port of London, their aggregate tonnage is greater, owing to the vessels being of larger size. An immense range of docks and warehouses now extends along the right or eastern bank of the Mersey, executed on a scale of unparalleled magnificence, and involving an expenditure of millions sterling. Each is under the superintendence of a head officer or master, to preserve order, prevent accidents, and put in force a variety of useful laws; and the whole are subject to a dock committee of thirteen members elected from the town council, and eight by the dock-due payers. The docks are of three kinds, wet, dry, and graving. The wet docks are chiefly for ships of great burden employed in foreign commerce, which are afloat in them in all states of the tide, the water being retained by gates; the dry docks are chiefly appropriated to smaller coasting vessels, and are left dry when the tide is out; and the graving docks, which admit or exclude the water at plea-

sure, are adapted to the repair of ships, during which they are kept dry, and floated out by admitting the tide when ready for sea. The total dock-room includes upwards of a hundred and ten acres; the quay space embraces between eight and nine linear miles; and the river-wall, exclusive of the openings, extends nearly three miles. For cleansing the docks from the accumulation of silt brought in by the tide, dredging by steam-power is in constant operation, by which many tons per hour are raised into barges and deposited where it may be washed away by the current of the river.

Opposite Liverpool, across the stream, stands the youthful Birkenhead, a greater wonder than its neighbour, for it has risen as if by enchantment out of the desert. Twenty years ago there were not more than two or three houses on that side of the Mersey, where twenty thousand inhabitants at present have their homes; and within that period a spot now occupied by a square, larger than Belgrave square in the capital, was an open field where sir W. Stanley's hounds killed a fox!

TAKING A DEGREE.

NO. II.

THE FRESHMAN.

THE preparation for "entrance into residence" is steadily carried on between the time the student "puts his name on the boards" and that of his actually keeping terms. He gets up in this interval such subjects as are likely to be wanted in college lectures, and what is termed his "little go." These, it is presumed, present but little difficulty to our student, though it has happened that a man "up" in "high" subjects sufficient to assure him of a place among the wranglers, has been so deficient—generally through neglect—in "low" ones when brought to book, that he has been "plucked" for his "smalls."

During the autumn months, while the reapers are gathering in the fruits of the earth and storing the barns against winter, the diligent student will not be less active in furnishing his mind and refreshing his memory against the period when his supplies of knowledge will be wanted. Thus time will pass profitably and pleasantly away. At last, however, October comes, and the dean's letter arrives from college, giving warning that lectures will commence on a certain day, and that he is expected. The note of departure is then sounded throughout the household. Tradesmen are sending in packages for the student's kit; maids are busy getting up his linen; sisters are stowing away in corners of his trunk little pots of comfits, *bon-bons*, and sundry and divers useful things, which thoughtful, kindly woman knows so well will become useful in time, however little appreciated at the moment. All things being ready, amid the good wishes of friends, the tears and caresses of sisters, and the blessings of the "parent pair," the youth departs for the land of expectation. His journey is long; perhaps he may have come from the Land's End, or from the far north; but the season is beautiful, and, with hope buoyant in his breast, he tires not on the way.

Arrived at the Cambridge station of the Eastern Counties rail, great is the bustle of scores of other

gownsmen alighting. Smart second and third year men soon clear out; but bewildered "freshmen," with heavy trunks, and unaccustomed to the ways of the Cambs, are quite in a maze. The good genii of the place, as we may term them, in the shape of very civil bus and cabmen, soon, however, appear and put all to rights. Stentorian voices halloo in chorus, in all sorts of bass, double-bass, and tenor notes, such phrases as, "Clare, Trinity, Keys, (Cains)," "Peterhouse, Pembroke, Queen's," "John's, Maudlin, (Magdalene)," etc.; in fact, such a babel of oddly-expressed, jumbled-up names as would go far to convince a foreigner, ay, or even some of our own uninitiated countrymen, that the Cantab cabbies were either a very singular race, or that they had all gone "clean daft."

Cabby having doffed his beaver and ascertained "your college," your luggage and self are soon *en route* for Alma Mater. After nearly two miles' ride, you get to your college. The noise of the cab stopping at its gates brings out a miscellaneous squad of porters, "bed-makers," "gyps," and others of a like nature peculiar to the Cambs; and under the care of your allotted "gyp" (servant), you are shown into your rooms. Your coming may have been expected; if so, a cheerful fire will kindly invite you to make yourself at home in your future rooms for the next four years. Gyp bustles about to prepare tea, and having "put you in commons" at the buttery, brings said "commons" to your rooms, consisting of a little pat of butter (the twentieth part of a yard, butter being sold by the yard in Cambridge) and a loaf to correspond, just sufficient for tea. Over the smoking urn of bohea the student enjoys himself, feels his self-importance, that for the first time in his life he is his own master, (ah! what a critical period!) and, above all, that he is a Cambridge *man*. Gentleman is never uttered by one gownsmen when speaking of another; but he will describe a certain youth as being a Clare-hall *man*, a Downing *man*, etc.; and probably he retains this form of expression afterwards through life. There is a kindness about the word that always appeals to a Cantab's heart.

The "fast" man who comes to the university congratulating himself that he is now, at least, his own master, soon finds out his mistake; he has left the parental roof, to be sure, at home, but he has only exchanged one for many governors, and he must now conform to the strict laws and regulations of the university, framed to be "a terror to evil-doers, but a praise to those who do well." Every hour of the day will have its privileges and duties, and no student can absent himself for half-an-hour from his college, or from the town of Cambridge, if in lodgings, after advanced night, without being called to account next morning by those who consider themselves in the place of parents, and will visit him for breach of laws (for the good of the commonwealth, however much against their individual wish) with severe pains and penalties. From the time the student was "put in commons," that is, was known to be within the precincts of the university till he has received his *exeat*, and is "out of commons," or, in other words, till he has kept his term, when he is expected at once to take himself off at least

twenty miles beyond the boundary of the university, where proctors come not—he will be entirely under tutors and governors—men who have grown gray in the service of education, having fought in their youth their way to academic fame, and whose advice and past experience will be lights to point out the paths which the student should tread to attain to the same eminence. Their counsel and advice will be freely given, and cannot be over-estimated.

Next morning the freshman waits upon the acting tutor of his college, and he is informed of everything necessary to direct him in his studies, and as to his general conduct at the university. According to the student's likelihood to succeed, will the authors in classics or mathematics be recommended. Certain authors, who will "pay best" in senate-house examinations, will be particularly enjoined. Above all, the student will be told to adhere to that subject which he *knows* and which he *likes*. Does he excel in classics?—then let him keep to them. Is he deep in the exact sciences?—then he must exclusively pursue them still farther. Does he only aspire to be on the "poll" of the many, the common herd?—then he must just read the authors required, and nothing more. The Cambridge system is not a diffuse one. The subjects are but few. These, however, must be well got up. Whatever the student pretends to know, he must know, otherwise, when he comes to be tested, he will get neither "marks" nor credit. Therefore, he will only apply the means to the end. Should he become a dabbler in everything, then, when the honour and "poll-lists" come out, he may be in the last class, perchance the "wooden spoon," or, oh, sad event! be "gulphed" and thrown over till the *post mortem* six months after, when such unfortunates come up for another trial. He ought then only to cultivate the talents or talent intrusted to his keeping, and if he does so, he will be sure of the event.

If the student is under some able "coach," (private tutor), he will mark in his book what he must read, what he must not, and set him innumerable "riders" to prove that, as well as being expert at "book-work," his powers of original thinking have not been neglected. Let him show talent, industry, or a desire to learn, and everywhere he will find persons ready to help him. His college will look upon him as a fond parent looks upon a son, should he be like to do honour to it in the end. Remembering, then, that labour conquers all things, he will, morning, noon, and night, earnestly work. A few years more of application will bring a future lifetime of honourable indulgence.

Independent of his having to learn much within the walls of the university, the freshman has something to learn of the manners and customs of the town. By charter, the university has dominion over the town to a great extent. The mayor, on his installation, is sworn before the vice-chancellor; the proctors can enter all suspected or other houses at any hour by night or day—grant or refuse licence to public-houses—prohibit the students from dealing with all tradesmen who offend against their laws—and exercise complete control over all lodging-houses, persons having them being compelled to lock their doors every night at

ten, and return every morning, to the college of which any student may be a member, who is their lodger, a printed schedule, containing full particulars of the hour at which said student came home, if he was sober, etc. These forms are strictly carried out; but the freshman soon learns there are plenty of pitfalls awaiting him. For, guard him as it may, the college authorities cannot always keep him out of danger. Every October term certain harpies make preparations for the freshman. If he keep clear of the credit system, the bill-discounter, betting men, and wine and supper parties, which are the great maelstroms of Cambridge life, he is safe. The cap and gown can always command credit; but the student is expected, if he takes it, to pay a large per centage. If, however, he can pay ready money, he can purchase as cheaply in Cambridge as in any place in the kingdom. Let him not, then, be allured by the offers of credit to purchase what are called Cantab coats, curious boots dignified by the same appellation, or other articles not wanted. The money-lenders who look about the university, and somehow or another manage to learn every undergraduate's circumstances, will tempt him with the offers of jewellery, cigars, or, in fact, anything that the student wishes. They will tell him they do not want money—give them his bill. Everything they sell is a bargain. But on investigation all their bargains will turn out to be only some two hundred per cent. above what the regular dealer would charge. Then, Ulysses-like, the student shuts his ears to all such inducements; nor will he "do bills" at from forty to seventy per cent., nor mix with betting men, to be fleeced. At this game the crafty ones win, the young ones never. Invitations to undergraduates' "wine and supper parties," too, had better be refused. At them there is nothing to be gained—nothing learned. The conversation generally, as far as common sense and morals are concerned, would disgrace the lowest peasantry in the land.

The townsmen generally expect gownsmen to pay extra for everything; but on this score the feeling is by no means so strong as it used to be. In 1662, a student of Jesus College, in a letter, notices the practice. John Strype, the historian, was the writer. As the letter is valuable in many respects, as illustrative of the manners and customs of the times, and as a model of filial affection, it will repay perusal:—

"GOOD MOTHER—Yours of the 24th instant I gladly received, expecting one indeed a week sooner, but I understand both by Waterson and yourself of your indisposedness then to write. The reason you receive this no sooner is because I had a mind (knowing of this honest woman's setting out so suddenly for London from hence, and her business laying so near to Petticoat Lane) that she should deliver it into your hands, that so you may the better and more fully hear of me, and know how it fareth with me. She is my laundresse; make her welcome, and tell her how you would have my linen washed as you were saying in your letter. I am very glad to hear that you and my brother Johnson do agree so well, that I believe you account it an unusual courtesy that he should have you out to the Cake House. However, pray Mother be careful of

yourself, and do not overwalke yourself, for that is wont to bring you upon a sick bed. I hear also my brother Sayer is often a visitor; truly I am glad of it. I hope your Children may be comforts to you now you are growing old. Remember me back most kindly to my brother Sayer.

"Concerning the taking up of my things, it is true I gave one shilling too much in the hundred; but why I gave so much I thought indeed I had given you an account in that same letter, but it seems I had not. The only reason is because they were a Scholar's goods; it is common to make them pay one shilling more than the Town's people. Dr. Pearson himself payed so, and several other lads in this college; and my Tutor told me they would expect so much of me being a Scholar; and I found it so.

"Do not wonder so much at our Commons; they are more than many Colleges have. Trinity itself (where Herring and Davis are) which is the famous College in the University, have but three half-pence. We have roast meat dinner and supper throughout the weeke; and such meate as you know I did not used to care for, that is Veal; but now I have learnt to eat it. Sometimes, nevertheless, we have boiled meat with pottage, and beef and mutton, which I am glad of; except Fridays and Saturdays, and sometimes Wednesdays; which days we have Fish at dinner and tansy or pudding for supper. Our parts then are slender enough. But there is this remedy, we may retire unto the Butteries and there take a half-penny loafe and butter or cheese, or else to the kitchen and take there what the Cook hath. But for my part, I am sure I never visited the kitchen yet since I have been here."

Master Strype seems to think "their parts were slender enough;" but commonly, students of the present day are not so well off: with the exception of joints, they seldom see anything else at table. Epidemics for strange cut-away coats and odd-looking cravats often seize the community of Cantab undergraduates; but "reading men" take no notice of such things. He who spends too much time in dressing out his limbs will not be likely to cultivate his brain much. The university authorities have frequently issued their fiat against other epidemics, such as boxing, tandem-driving, pigeon-shooting, billiards, etc. Here is a specimen of these proclamations:—

"WHEREAS many students have lately been observed driving tandems and four-in-hand carriages, contrary to the good order and discipline of the university:

"WE, the Vice-Chancellors and Heads of Colleges, hereby give Notice, that if from and after the date hereof, any inn-keeper or livery-stable keeper, or other person within the precincts of the university, shall be proved to have let out for hire, or in any way to have furnished to any undergraduate, or persons in *statu pupillari*, a tandem or four-in-hand vehicle, or horses for the same, he shall be deemed to have offended against the discipline of the university, and will be proceeded against accordingly."

Then follows a warning to the tandem-drivers, that if they are caught, they shall "be liable to suspension, rustication, or expulsion, as the case

shall appear to require." While the authorities do all in their power to discourage such practices, they, on the other hand, offer no opposition to others which are exhilarating, healthful, and innocent, such as cricket and boating. These the reading man soon learns, moderately used, are productive of good, giving him tone and bracing his nerves for future study, and so occasionally he enjoys them. Indeed, numbers of men find themselves sufficiently refreshed and amused by joining in the university walk, which takes place daily at two o'clock, by the whole *posse comitatus* of the university turning out to ramble into the country. At this hour study is suspended, books are thrown aside, caps and gowns are doffed, and in a kind of hurry-scurry, academic youth and age of all degrees voluntarily rusticate themselves for the next two hours. Trumpington calls off some to view its rural beauties. Granchester, with its pretty ivy-grown parish church, where Gray is said to have conceived his "Elegy," invites others; and Cherryhinton has its admirers. Geological men climb the Gog Magog hills; and those who love the beauties of a quiet English landscape and an unmistakably English village, repair to Harston or other bucolic localities. There they go, plodding, ambling, and walking; freshmen of eighteen jostle grave professors of three-score. Fast men, in strange attire, grin at poor sizars in homely dress, who will in the end have the laugh at them. Faster men on the causeway make their Rosinantes kick up the dust into the eyes of the pedestrians. Dons and students, noblemen and sizars, commoners and pensioners, masters and scholars, all go off their several ways with one common object, namely, exercise or fresh air. There they tramp it in pairs or threes, or little coteries of half-a-dozen, chatting, laughing, inquiring, philosophising, debating, fraternising, so that for miles nothing is to be seen along the dusty roads but these men in black.

But the dinner hour is four o'clock, and philosophers even are not unmindful of such an event. The little tinkling college bells which have performed the same office for centuries, give notice of the kitchen being willing to disgorge its joints and sirloins, and the buttery to supply its cans of ale. Then the men in black are seen with awakened appetites hastening to their colleges. Soon they once more don their caps and gowns. Then they flock, like so many crows, to the banquet. The dean says grace, and instantly the clatter of knives and forks becomes immense.

The student's time will be divided somewhat thus: morning, chapel half-past seven; breakfast, eight; reading to eleven or twelve; lecture, one hour; reading again till two; walk from two till four; dinner one hour; relaxation one hour till six, then chapel (optional); tea, lighter reading, and relaxation till bed time. Saturday is a half holiday, when the student either takes his place at the cricket, feathers the oar on the sluggish Cam, or ruralises to some of the neighbouring villages. In the evening, congenial members of various colleges alternately meet in each others' rooms, to take tea, and to while away the hours in agreeable conversation.

On Sunday morning all are expected to go to chapel, habited in surplices. Nothing is so

delightful to a well-attuned mind as the Sunday morning service. Within the walls of college everything is hushed. It is alike the poor man's day of rest and the scholar's. The jays seem to chatter less loudly from the belfry top. The clear notes of the thrush and robin from the college gardens steal softly and subdued through the trees. Suddenly the bell tolls the matin hour of prayer, and one by one the surpliced members descend from their rooms, noiselessly glide across the courts, and enter the house of prayer. The bell stops, the doors are shut and bolted; the laggard now cannot enter, and his name is marked in a book by the chapel clerk, and some day, should he wish to enter the church, these "marks" may be brought up in judgment against him. As it is, the dean will call him to account for his absence. Some grave doctor rises and reads the prayers—the surpliced worshippers kneel—at intervals the organ peals forth its hymn of praise. The mellowed light comes through the stained glass on the worshippers below. Devout worshippers some of the students undoubtedly are, however careless many may be. The scholars read the lessons, and amid the serenity of the place, the contemplative mind reverts to the long line of great and holy men and martyrs who worshipped in these colleges. In the words of an undergraduate's prize poem:—

"A glorious throng! the brave, the meek, the wise,
In one admiring glance, we recognise;
Great heirs of human love and human power,
Who owned and used their intellectual dower
In nurturing every truth that conscience taught,
And taking forms of good from vital thought.
With buoyant step, and free lips, and the air
Of men with minds to think and hearts to dare."

There are sermons in the very stones, for on them have trod Craumer, Ridley, Bradford, Whitgift, Rogers, Tillotson, Parker, Tennison, Fleetwood, Fryth, Fuller, Fisher, Sanders, Erasmus, Latimer, Ascham, Stillingfleet, Sherlock, Chadderton, Woollaston, Simeon, and Henry Martyn. Many of them have sealed their testimony to the truth at the stake. These all in their time were Cantab freshmen, enjoyed the same privileges, walked in the same gardens, lodged in the same rooms, and worshipped in the same chapels. Though dead, they still live in the memory of the faithful, and their "ashes smell sweet and blossom in the dust." In their time they had warned, like their successors, the people to beware of that subtle "old fox" of Rome which they tried to chase from this island.

The chapel service over, the student repairs to the university church of St. Mary, where he will from time to time, as their turn come, hear the bishops and fathers of the church, and he may think on the time when he, as a graduate of the university in holy orders, will be called on to perform the same duty. St. Mary, in the days which are no more, hath been under the ban of popery. In the reign of Mary of cruel memory, in 1558, cardinal Pole declared it unclean, because in it was buried the body of an old man who had helped to translate the Scriptures and give them to the English people. Here it was old Martin Bucer was buried; here his body was exhumed, and a trial held over it; here it was that it was burned with all the heretical books which could be found. History

still tells of the terrible doings of this period; and though the flame of truth was suppressed for a time, it at last burst out, and has continued to burn ever since. Amid the university four chapels and churches in Cambridge, the student spends many a profitable hour; the church of the Holy Sepulchre (once the property of the hospitalers), King's-college chapel, and Trinity chapel, being special objects of interest.

So the student goes on from day to day, and in the long winter nights he will not be sparing of the midnight oil. As November comes, he will hear of such things as the gunpowder plot and "town and gown riots," but he carefully abstains from such affairs, and keeps within the walls of his college.

At length, term is over; the *exeat* is granted and signed by the dean and tutor; and the freshman hies him off to join the family circle, and tell them his experience of life in college. During the Christmas holidays, while enjoying himself among friends, the student is wide awake to the importance of keeping up his subjects, by an hour or two of daily reading. At the end of the first quarter, in comes the college bill, and despite of all the prophesying of ignorant but well-meaning persons, it is found to be below 15*l.*, excluding cost of furniture for rooms; but the freshman has got some appointment in college or exhibition, and after it is deducted, there remains but one-third of the bill to be liquidated. Had he chosen, he might also have had a sizarship; but he left this to those who might be poorer than himself, thinking it wrong and disgraceful to take what was only intended for the really poor scholar. In that case there would have been no college bill to pay. Such is often the encouragement the poor or industrious freshman meets in his first term. Such the inducements Cambridge holds out to men, and such, on similar windings up of a first term's career, is accomplished by nearly a hundred freshmen every year. There are more things to be given away at Cambridge to deserving men than there are competitors to be got.

"O Granta! thou that hast the heart of youth,
Pulsing with genial heat of ancient truth; . .
Thy venturesome sons are ever bold to try
The sounding depths of bright philosophy;
Stretch out thy hand to help the faithful few
Who toil to fill their urns with lustral dew,
Wading heart-deep into the brimming stream
That glides along the fadeless Academe."

INCIDENTS OF IRISH RAILWAY SCENERY.

THE INSURGENT CHIEF.

SOME few miles from Kilkolman, which we have spoken of in a former number,* as the ruined home of the poet Spenser, and in the immediate vicinity of the mountain range which arrests the attention of the tourist between Bultevant and the Killarney junction at Mallow, lies the scene of a singular occurrence. In the year 1822—a memorable era in the social history of that part of the south of Ireland—there resided in this locality a highly respectable family, whose dwelling had

* See "Leisure Hour," No. 138.

the misfortune, as it proved, of being roofed with thatch, as were not a few of the houses of the gentry at that time. The Whiteboy insurrection was then at its height throughout the greater portion of the southern counties, and its contiguity to a wild mountain range, affording a ready and almost impervious retreat to the rebels, rendered this immediate district the scene of especial lawlessness and outrage, scarcely less so than it had been in Spenser's time. One winter's night the family above mentioned were awakened from their repose by the shouts of a large party of Whiteboys, as they were termed, surrounding the house, firing shots, and endeavouring by all possible means to terrify the defenceless inmates; and ere long a stifling smoke, and the crackling of the roof, conveyed to them the appalling assurance that something worse than mere alarm was intended, and that the house was actually on fire. While hesitating between the awful alternatives of remaining within to endure a certain death by fire, or of braving outside the scarcely less fearful fury of the insurgents, who continued to discharge repeated shots and to threaten instant destruction to any one who should attempt an escape from the devoted habitation, they were most providentially rescued by the arrival of a party of military, who had seen the conflagration from a distance, and before whom the rebels took to immediate flight.

The next morning, upon a search being made around the house, in order, if possible, to obtain some clue to those by whom the outrage had been perpetrated, a gun was found at a short distance from the front, which had evidently burst in the act of being discharged, and in the grass close to it were discovered upon further search two mangled fingers of a man's hand, no less evidently blown off by the explosion. These were immediately seized, as supplying, in all probability, the first great link in a chain of circumstantial evidence to lead to the conviction of one, at all events, if not of several, of the assailants. A party of military were at once sent off to explore the neighbourhood in quest of the owner of the fingers, and were returning in the evening somewhat dispirited at having been unsuccessful, when, as they were passing the lodge at the very gateway of the burned and now tenantless abode, it was casually observed by one of the party that they had not searched *there* as yet. To this it was at once replied, that the occupier was a faithful and valued servant of the owner of the place, and that it would be absurd to enter it for such a purpose. It was, however, decided that they might as well look in. Upon entering and inquiring for the man of the house, they were informed that he was absent, and were accordingly about to depart, when one of the soldiers bethought himself of looking into the inner chamber; and there, to his no small surprise, he saw the missing servant in bed. The room was accordingly entered by the entire party. After much unwillingness and several muttered excuses upon his part, the man was obliged to exhibit his hands; one was bound up, and the accompanying magistrate not being willing to take his word for it that he had been wounded while working in an adjacent quarry, the bandage was removed, and a space was discovered for the fingers, which they fitted with an accu-

racy that left no possible doubt as to his share in the transaction of the preceding night. The guilty betrayer of his master's misplaced confidence was immediately removed to the gaol of the county of Cork; the testimony of an approver from amongst his lawless confederates was ere long offered and accepted; and, when tried before the judges at a special commission which was issued shortly afterwards, it was proved that this man had been the leader in that as in many a similar outrage, and was actually the recognised chief of a numerous gang of insurgents, by whom several atrocious crimes had been perpetrated through the district. He was accordingly sentenced to be executed upon the lawn in front of the desolated home of which he had been the ruthless destroyer. Nor was this all. In the interval between his arrest and his trial, the shattered hand, after a period of intense and protracted suffering, assumed symptoms of mortification, inasmuch that it was found necessary to amputate the arm; and it was with a frame emaciated by disease, a mutilated limb, and a countenance upon which guilt and shame were traced in haggard characters, that the writer (then a child) well remembers to have seen him—otherwise a man of attractive and respectable appearance—borne on amidst the glittering of bayonets and the tramp of cavalry to meet his deserved but appalling doom.

This occurrence is surely worth recording and remembering, not only on account of the degree of interest, although sad and painful, which attaches to its locality, but as a remarkable instance of how circumstances are often wonderfully overruled by the providence of God, and directed for the detection and punishment of the wrong-doer; a proof of how "evil shall hunt the wicked to overthrow him;" as an instance, moreover, of how gratitude, principle, humanity, the commonest and most prevailing ties which bind man to his fellow-man, will all become perverted and neutralised, and in some cases altogether obliterated, under the destroying influence of a false system either of politics or religion; and, finally, as a specimen of a state of things, we are most happy to add, no longer existing in Ireland, over which a better day has at length mercifully been made to dawn.

THE MULBERRY.

THE mulberry forms a genus of plants in the Linnæan system, called *morus*, from *mauros*, the Greek word for black, because its fruit when ripe is generally of that colour. There are several well-known species belonging to this most important genus, about which it may not be amiss to state a few interesting facts.

The *morus nigra*, or black mulberry, is perhaps the best known to us of all the tribe, and supposed to be the *eukammos*, or sycamine tree of the New Testament. It is a low tree which is believed to have come originally from Persia, but is now disseminated by cultivation over many parts of Asia and Europe, and among the rest throughout England, where it is prized as an ornament for the garden or park. Its leaves are greedily devoured by cattle, sheep, and goats, and in many parts of the south of

Europe they are used for feeding the silkworm, although those of the white mulberry are the most esteemed for this purpose. The fruit is composed of a dense cluster of succulent flowers, which become fleshy, and passing from green to red, finally assume a deep purple colour, approaching almost to black, ripening during August and September. This fruit produces a deep violet-coloured juice, with a faint peculiar odour, and a pleasant, sweet, subacid taste, owing to the presence of a small portion of tartaric acid. It is often used to impart a slight acidity to preserves; and when mixed with cider, it makes an agreeable drink, allaying the thirst, partly by diminishing the heat of the body or the blood, and partly by exciting an excretion of mucus from the mouth. In London a syrup is made of it, which is employed for imparting colour and flavour to extempore prescriptions, and particularly in cases of fever and rheumatism. The fruit itself, if eaten in moderation, is very nutritive; but in excess it tends to induce diarrhoea. Birds and poultry are very fond of it, leaving scarcely a single berry upon the tree a few days after they have ripened. In Greece the common brandy of the people is distilled from it; and in France it serves to make a clear weak wine, which soon turns to very acid vinegar, unless immediately drunk.

The *morus rubra*, or red mulberry, is the tallest and the most beautiful of the genus; often attaining a height of upwards of seventy feet. On the wide prairies of North America, it frequently forms one of the most beautiful features of the scene. There it occurs in small groups, seldom mixed with other trees, but distinct in kind, entwined and interlaced with the delicate yet powerful runners of the wild vine, which often form the whole into one gigantic bower. Amid the undulating sea of grass and flowers extending over the boundless horizon, these groups resemble beautiful green islands; and when wrapped in the thin, grey, silky vapour of morning or evening, and glittering in the ruddy rays of the rising or setting sun, they tend to call up the most pleasing emotions even in the most unpoetical mind. To the Indian hunter, or the white trapper, who wanders over these wastes in pursuit of the bison or the buffalo, its thick wide-spreading foliage of dark-green heart-shaped leaves, ten inches long, and almost as many broad, affords a delightful shade from the intense heat of the noonday sun. Its dark-red raspberry-like fruit also supplies him with a pleasant meal, capable of allaying for a while the hunger and thirst which oppress him, when neither food nor water can be obtained within a circuit of many weary miles. The wood of this graceful tree is of a pale lemon colour, admirably adapted by its hardness, consistency, and durability for all the purposes of the dockyard. The leaves are rough and bitter, and are therefore not a sufficiently palatable diet for the silkworm.

The *morus alba*, or white mulberry, is the most valuable species as yet known to us. China is supposed to be its native place; at least it is found growing wild amid the hills and valleys of

that country; and it is well known that the Chinese employed its leaves for feeding silkworms as early as 2698 years before the Christian era. No sooner, however, had the two monks employed in the sixth century as missionaries in China, brought back with them to Europe a quantity of silkworm's eggs, concealed in a hollow cane, than this mulberry was eagerly planted all along the shores of the Mediterranean, for the nourishment of the generations of silkworms which those eggs originated; and the difference of soil and climate produced the many varieties of it which are now to be met with. It is easily distinguished from the black mulberry by the light colour and smoothness of its bark; by its small size, thick leaves, and numerous branches; and also by the colour of its fruit, which, however, is not always white, but sometimes of a dark shade, approaching, in some instances, even to black or purple. Its leaves are the favourite food of silkworms. The milky juice which they exude, not only afford them nourishment, but also supply the chief component part of that transparent substance, resembling in its colour, viscosity, and capacity of hardening as soon as it comes into the air, the juice of the caoutchouc-tree, which the silkworms form in receptacles within their body, and from which they spin the webs destined to afford them a close and impenetrable covering when about to change into the condition of motionless, helpless chrysalis. These webs or cocoons, which produce the material we call silk, the worms lay upon every leaf of the tree, where they glisten in the sun like golden berries, and may be gathered from them, in the warm countries of the east, without any further trouble. In Italy, France, and Spain, however, where silkworms are reared, they are kept in warm and airy rooms, and require to be fed attentively with mulberry leaves, and presented with its twigs in order to form their cocoons upon them. The leaves of the lettuce, hollyhock, or slippery elm, are capable of affording them nourishment in the absence of mulberry leaves; but they become attenuated, meagre, and sluggish upon this diet, and the silk they produce is neither so abundant nor so beautiful. Indeed, the different varieties of the white mulberry itself occasion a great difference in the abundance and beauty of this luxury. For instance, the white mulberry, which forms the riches of the mountainous country of the Druses, in the north of Palestine, produces the most beautiful kind of silk with which we are acquainted.

The wood of the white mulberry is very solid and heavy. The branches which grow near the top of the tree are commonly cut into shingles for covering buildings, being particularly durable and capable of resisting even wet, and therefore very well adapted for house timber and other purposes where but few woods would be found answerable. When made into wine-casks, it imparts a slight fragrance and taste, resembling violets, to the sherry wine that has been kept in them for some time. In Italy and Palestine the mulberry is planted in straight rows in the open fields,

and when intermingled, as it often is, with the vine, hanging in waving festoons from the branches, it presents a singularly graceful appearance. Its bark, by a very simple process, is converted into a thin, muslin-like cloth; while its root is employed as an anthelmintic, or powerful bitter, to procure the evacuation of worms from the stomach and intestines, or to remove that debility of the digestive organs with which the formation of these animals seems to be generally connected.

The *Broussonetia papyrifera* is generally supposed to belong to the genus *dorstenia*, which includes under it the *maclura tinctoria*, which produces the valuable dye-stuff fustic, and the *dorstenia contrayerva*, which furnishes the contrayerva-root of commerce, so useful in medicine as a stimulant and tonic. Although possessing many qualities in common with the *morus* tribe, it is so arranged because its fruit, which is of a scarlet colour, consists of a broad, slightly concave receptacle, shaped like a globe, on which numerous male and female flowers are placed; whereas the fruit of the true mulberry is oblong. This kind of mulberry grows in mountainous situations in China, Japan, and the Polynesian islands, where it assumes the shape of a large thick shrub, with huge branches of leaves. It is remarkable for its quick growth; a single root, covered through the winter with earth, shooting up in summer to the height of four or five feet. This peculiarity, along with the fact that its leaves make excellent nutritious food for cattle, has led some to suppose that it could be cultivated to great advantage as a substitute for grass. In Thibet and Nepal, where it grows luxuriantly over all the hills, its young and tender shoots are cut annually while full of leaves, and being dried, are stacked for fodder, to supply the deficiency of straw during the winter months. This practice accounts for the strange mutilated appearance which this tree presents; to the traveller in these regions, nothing being left of it except the large limbs, which in spring and summer throw out a quantity of luxuriant twigs that soon gain a considerable size and are again cut for use. In China and Japan the bark is manufactured into a kind of paper, called crape-paper, by pounding and steeping it in water, then mixing it with glue, and taping it up with a mould of bamboo-screen of the size required. When subjected to a further refining process, it becomes the beautiful Indian paper on which the proofs of engravings are taken. The natives of the charming isles of Tahiti and Huahine also convert it into the fine white linen-like cloth which excited so much the astonishment of Captain Harris and his crew when they first landed on these remote shores. The process is very simple. When the outer skin, or bark, which is much like that of other trees, is taken off, there are several thin films or layers of inner bark, one within another. These are separated from the stalk and artfully matched and flatted together, and moistened with water, which, dissolving the glutinous juices of the plant, causes them to adhere

closely and firmly together, when the process is finished by pressing and setting them out to dry in the sun.

Such are a few of the uses to which this most valuable tree is subjected in the various countries where it either grows spontaneously or has become naturalised.

QUESTIONS FOR ALL.

THE question is not, if our earthly race
Was once enlightened by a flash of grace;
If we sustained a place on Zion's hill,
And called him Lord—but if we did his will.
What, if the strangers, sick and captive, lie
Naked and hungry, and we pass them by;
Or do but some extorted pittance throw,
To save our credit—not to ease their woe!
Or, strangers to the charity whence springs
The liberal heart, devising liberal things,
We, cumbered ever with our own pursuits,
To others leave the labour and its fruits;
Pleading excuses for the crumb we save,
For want of faith to cast it on the wave!
—Shall we go forth with joy to meet our Lord;
Enter his kingdom, reap the full reward?
—Can such his good, his faithful servants be,
Blest of the Father?—Read his word and see!

What, if in strange defiance of that rule,
Made not in *Moses*, but the *Gospel* school,
Shining as clearly as the light of heaven,
"They who forgive not, shall not be forgiven,"
We live in anger, hatred, envy, strife,
Still firmly hoping for eternal life;
And where the streams of Christian love should flow,
The root of bitterness is left to grow;
Resisting evil, indisposed to brook
A word of insult, or a scornful look;
And speak the language of the world in all,
Except the challenge and the leaden ball!

What if, mistrustful of its latent worth,
We hide our single talent in the earth!
And what if self is pampered, *not* denied!
What if the flesh is never crucified!
What if the world be hidden in the heart—
Will it be, "Come, ye blessed!" or, "Depart?"

Who then shall conquer?—who maintain the fight?
E'en they that walk by faith and not by sight;
Who having "washed their robes and made them white,"
Press towards the mark, and see the promised land,
Not dim and distant; but near at hand.
—We are but marching down a sloping hill,
Without a moment's time for standing still;
Where every step accelerates the pace,
More and more rapid till we reach the base;
And then, no clinging to the yielding dust!
An ocean rolls below, and plunge we must.

And yet, amid the hurry, toil, and strife,
The claims, the urgencies, the whirl of life,
The soul—perhaps in silence of the night—
Has flashes, transient intervals of light;
When things to come, without a shade of doubt,
In terrible reality stand out.
Those lucid moments suddenly present
A glance of truth, as though the heavens were rent;
And through that chasm of pure celestial light,
The future breaks upon the startled sight:
Life's vain pursuits, and Time's advancing pace,
Appear with death-bed clearness, face to face;
And Immortality's expanse sublime,
In just proportion to the speck of time:
While Death, uprising from the silent shades,
Shows his dark outline ere the vision fades;
In strong relief against the blazing sky,
Appears the shadow as it passes by.
And though o'erwhelming to the dazzled brain,
These are the moments when the mind is sane.
For then, a hope of heaven, the Saviour's cross,
Seem what they are, and all things else but loss.

JANE TAYLOR.